Display of ownership

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Display of ownership

by Silvaxus

Summary

09. **Pet Play** / Scissoring / Costumes

Getting Will to relax was always a hardship - for both of them. Thankfully, Hannibal's unconventional way of therapy provided more than just a distraction for Will.

Notes

My Beta for this fic is my friend and sister in trouble Imoshen

See the end of the work for more notes

Hannibal was laying in Will's bed, propped up on Will's pillow. He still had to go through several case files Jack had handed Hannibal to read and counsel the FBI on.

Will's almost-breakdown at the last crime scene showed even someone as bullheaded as Jack that he had pushed Will too far.

Only Hannibal's fast intervention averted the worst case; a full mental shut down on Will's part. He had managed to calm Will enough so he could get him away from the crime scene.

Hannibal had taken Will to his house and gave him a mild sedative to help him sleep.

Later, when Jack showed up at Hannibal's door, Hannibal failed to tell Jack that while Will was sleeping, he was doing so in Hannibal's own bed. It was none of Jack's business what they did behind closed doors to keep Will from going over the edge only to plunge into a bottomless abyss.

When Will finally woke up, he was a mess, more so than usual.

Hannibal tried everything to get Will to calm down but...Will was shutting his mind down in order to protect himself from the gruesome crime scene. Not one of Hannibal's design though.

There had been no art, no creation, in it. Just a wasteful pile of flesh and carnage and whatever mindset the killer used to do his work, it was enough to send Will dangling over the edge with one foot.

When Hannibal only had one option left, he had to force Will to meet his eyes.

"Your collar, Will. Do you want it?"

For one fleeting moment Will's eyes cleared and while his voice was nothing but a whisper, he answered Hannibal's question.

"Yes, Hannibal, please, yes."

Without hesitation Hannibal put the leather collar around Will's neck.

The leather was soft and chocolate brown with paddings on the inside made of an even softer leather.
At the front of the collar was metal plate hammered into the leather, no dog tag for his Will. Written in Hannibal's filigrane handwriting, a single name was engraved into the metal of the plate.

Hannibal's

Hannibal wouldn't have asked for such an open display of ownership, not even dared to ask

and not even for this kind of...therapy. It had been Will's idea and because the whole scene was about helping Will to let go of everything, Hannibal followed Will's wish.

After the collar was snapped shut around Will's neck, the young man became almost docile and sleepy and he even fell asleep during the drive back to Wolf Trap.

The rules were clear; whenever the collar was around Will's throat they would go back to Wolf Trap, phones switched off and Hannibal's car blocking the driveway to Will's house.

Back in Wolf Trap, Hannibal took care of the dogs while he told Will to get comfortable. Comfortable in Will's mind when he wore the collar always meant close to zero clothes and to stay as close to Hannibal as possible.

It was weird in the beginning , even to Hannibal, but he carried on with everything for Will's sake.

It proved to be the best thing to get Will to calm down.

Hannibal would settle down on Will's bed, reading something or he would talk to Will in a hushed voice. Will would settle between Hannibal's legs, this time only wearing his boxer shorts, with one arm wrapped around Hannibal's middle and head resting on Hannibal's thigh.

Balancing the case file with one hand while the folder rested against his leg, Hannibal dragged his fingers slowly through Will's unruly curls, over his neck and down his back. Even when Will fell asleep with his face pressed against Hannibal's belly, the soft and soothing touches never stopped.

Will's pack of dogs would join them on the bed through the night, warming their master and guarding him at the same time.

Will would sleep dreamless and deep but he never let go of Hannibal and that was okay. Hannibal wanted Will to hold onto him.

Dragging his fingers through Will's hair only to tug on the soft curls, Hannibal pushed the case folder aside and closed his eyes.

He fell asleep to the soft sounds of Will sleeping peacefully in his embrace while the dogs were guarding them.

End Notes

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